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DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ROBERT LOWRY,
FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,
G. D. SHANDS,
FOR STATE TREASURER,
W. L. HEMINGWAY,
FOR AUDITOR,
W. W. STONE,
FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
T. MARSHALL MILLER,
FOR SECRETARY STATE,
GEORGE M. GOVAN,
FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION,
J. R. PRESTON,

SENATOR GEORGE has been spending some days at Cooper's Well.

THE Republicans of Maine talk about running Blaine for governor.

THE prevailing wet spell will increase the danger from cotton worms.

THE Republicans are angry with the business revival because it came before they were ready for it.

THE Atlanta Constitution publishes the absurd query: "Are mugwumps squabs?" Evidently the Constitution thinks mugwumps is "pigeon" English.

IN portions of North Louisiana some of the farmers are selling corn for 35 and 50 cents. Next spring these same parties will, in many instances, pay 75 cents for corn.

THE advance in cotton cloth both in the United States and England is 2 1/2 to 5 per cent; but it is due to the stoppage of 7,000,000 spindles through a labor strike which represents 45,000,000 yards of goods per week.

IT is astonishing how so many of the cranks throughout the country who kill their sweethearts and then kill themselves are credited with troubles of the heart, when, really, they are afflicted with troubles of the whisky bottle.

ALL through the heated term Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar has remained at his post. He is the only member of the cabinet who has alike withstood the fiery darts of the sun and the savage onslaughts of the office seekers and never budged.

PUGILIST DOMINICK McCaffrey is said to have once lived in Delaware county. The Chester Times says: he was educated for the priesthood, but disgraced the cloth, left the seminary and was engaged as instructor of athletics at Swarthmore college.

P. A. BROWN, of Terre Haute, Ind., son of George P. Brown, late President of the State Normal School, formerly Superintendent of the Schools of Indianapolis, ran away with a grass widow two days ago, leaving a wife and two children.

ACCORDING to the Shreveport Times the Democratic party cannot afford to endorse prohibition, because it would lose 50,000 votes in the cities, and make many men throw away their Democracy and make a complete somersault into the prohibition party.

KING ALFONSO is in a fearful dilemma, so the dispatches say. If he refuses to pitch into Germany about the Caroline Islands his subjects will de throne him; if he goes into a fight with Bismarck's battalions, Spain will be wiped up, cholera and all, and he will lose his kingdom anyway. Whichever horn of the dilemma the royal Spaniard seizes he is confronted with the reproof—

"Oh naughty, naughty Don Alfonso, You shouldn't ought have gone and done so."

A NEW YORK company has just made for Patrick Rehill, of Philadelphia, an elegant gold watch which he intends to present to Mr. Parnell. A diamond is set in one side of the case and on the reverse is engraved the United States coat of arms in combination with the harp and shamrock of Ireland. Inside is this inscription: "Presented to Charles Stewart Parnell by Patrick Rehill, of Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A., as a token of esteem, 1885." The cost of the watch was \$400.

PEA JAY'S PEN PICTURE.

THE VENERABLE SAGE OF BRIAR-FIELD.

A Georgia Journalist Visits Mr. Davis and Talks Books and Business With the Great Mississippian. Staff Correspondence Atlanta Constitution.

BRIARFIELD PLANTATION, WARREN COUNTY, MISS., Aug. 22.

Here, in the summer of 1835, Capt. Jefferson Davis, a retired army officer, put the ax to the root of the tree, and carved out of the willow forest and canebrake, a home.

That home has since become famous as the residence of Col. Davis, of Mexican war fame.

Of Gov. Davis, Of Senator Davis, Of Secretary of War Davis, and Of President Jefferson Davis.

Here, again, after having experienced the full buoyancy of youth, after having drank of politics and public affairs to their brim, Jefferson Davis returns, a peaceful old man, enjoying his books and flowers, and cheered by the companionship of those who through a lifetime have never failed in their sympathy nor lessened their support.

As the correspondent ascended the door steps he was met by Mr. Davis, by whom he was greeted most kindly. But a moment of explanation was necessary, when an introduction to Mrs. Davis added another to the little group.

Mr. Davis was dressed in a black alpaca suit. He stood erect, with a firm position. When he sat down upon the deer skin chair, which is his favorite, it was in an upright position, his shoulders well thrown back, one hand resting in the other, and both called into play as, through conversation, he used them in graceful gesture. His face furnished a pleasant disappointment. His pictures gave one the idea of a dark-visaged, dyspeptic man, of hard face and unapproachable manners. On the contrary, the original shows kindly eyes, a fair face and a mouth wreathed in a gentle smile, so engaging as to dispell the idea of difference in station. In fact, during the four hours spent in his presence, this kindly smile and pleasing manner never left him. In his conversation, too, the same fact was noticed. Of those whose conduct in the war did not entitle them to his respect, he spoke in terms of kindly interest, remembering only the good that was in them. He spoke as a man at peace with the world, as one who had forgiven whatever wrongs of which he might have been the victim, as one in the evening of life, watching the setting of the sun behind the many colored clouds, his cheeks fanned by gentle breezes and his thoughts dwelling upon nature and nature's God. What a beautiful old age it is to which this venerable man has been spared after such a life of storm and turmoil.

Mrs. Davis, whose social qualities will be remembered by the brilliant society in Richmond of which she was for three years the center, looked in excellent health. She is a lady of stout stature, and her face shows at once decision and womanly character. In conversation she was quick, intelligent and extremely thoughtful, censuring none, mindful of those who had befriended her family in the days of trial, and evincing great interest in the families of the men who had fallen for the confederacy.

Mr. Davis said that he had left the war behind him, and with it public life; he courted the privacy of his home, and did not intend to be drawn into controversial topics; hence what he said upon events leading to the war, concerning the war itself, and events following, is as a sealed book, and must remain closed forever, so far as your correspondent is concerned. Nevertheless he conversed pleasantly on matters of a literary and philosophic nature, to which he devotes much study. Both Mr. and Mrs. Davis inquired, affectionately, of many Georgians whose memory they cherished; of the peerless Gordon, the "right arm of Lee"; of Gen. Colquitt; of Gen. Henry R. Jackson, whose bravery as a soldier in the Mexican war Mr. Davis well remembered, and especially of the eloquent Hill, whose memory is a precious sentiment in the family.

"In the days," said Mrs. Davis, "when friends were needed, Mr. Hill came to me so tenderly and offered his assistance with such consideration that I can never forget it. I think," she continued, "that the proposed statue to him should be in a recumbent position. It is so dignified and represents his sleeping power."

"Ah," replied Mr. Davis, "a statue in action, such as that of Patrick Henry, in Richmond, can not be surpassed for expression."

"And yet," resumed Mrs. Davis, "the eye becomes fatigued as it looks upon an active posture which is never changed, while you can look upon the recumbent statue of Lee for hours."

"Very true," said Mr. Davis, "that is the statue of a man at rest, whose work is finished. That of Patrick Henry is at work, appealing to the people. In looking upon either, my mind runs back to the occasion. As to Mr. Hill, in his 'Notes Upon the Situation,' is due the present resurrection of the people, he should be remembered as in action."

Mr. Davis's favorite author is Sir Walter Scott. Scott's great power of describing objects in motion, and the scenery in which his plots are laid are so truthful and realistic as to make their recognition easy to the traveler who visits them. Among poets he regards Byron the greatest. The striking feature of Byron is that whenever he renders a quotation from the classics he always improves it so much as to become his own. Other authors have always failed in this regard. Moore

is the perfection of harmony, while Burns expressing human feeling. The three—Byron, Moore and Burns—make a complete combination. Bulwer, among modern novelists, is perhaps the greatest. He is the only novelist whose style changed with age—his last of the Barons being as different in every respect from Pelham as though written by different persons. The only connecting link between the successive works is the retention of the alchemist as the mysterious character of his successive works.

Passing then to industrial questions, he said that the greatest danger to the country in the future is the vast aggregation of wealth in single hands. Primogeniture was abolished as a remedy for that evil in times past. Now large fortunes—beyond the power of the owners to spend—can be accumulated in one's life. Agrarianism as a remedy would be a greater curse than the evil itself.

As to the effects of increased knowledge, he found a difference between education and wisdom. "I have known," said Mr. Davis, "wise men who were not learned, and learned men who were not wise. A man's discretion cannot be gauged by his knowledge. The Scotch are a people of great knowledge, yet in many parts of Mississippi, where book knowledge is lacking, the people are always wise in their conclusions, not always able to give the reasons therefor, yet none the less wise."

One more topic your correspondent takes the liberty of giving since it shows Mr. Davis in the light of a close Bible student. Referring to the revised edition, he did not see that the revisers had removed the few material errors which were to be found in the King James edition, yet they had made many changes which only shocked the conservative conscience of Bible readers, while the change was productive of no corresponding good in the text. For instance, where the King James version says, "The Lord God spoke unto Moses and said," the revised edition makes it: "The Lord says unto Moses." Now this is merely a change of expression without changing the meaning, and therefore unnecessary.

It was thus, with easy changes from one topic to the other, always taking lofty views, that Mr. Davis talked for four hours. It was a conversation to which the whole South would have listened with interest, and only inability to give it in Mr. Davis' phraseology compels forbearance.

John McCullough's Condition.

New York Sun.

Reports have recently multiplied to the effect that John McCullough was rapidly sinking in his home in the Bloomingdale asylum, and that his death was but a question of a few months. Dr. Nichols, the medical superintendent of the asylum, was questioned yesterday as to the truth of these reports.

"They are about correct," said the doctor, "as nearly so, at all events, as laymen can make reports that should be technical. Mr. McCullough is generally paralyzed and very weak. He will walk a quarter of a mile or so at a time, with an attendant at hand, but he moves about like an old man, sitting down and getting up with a good deal of difficulty. Mr. McCullough's physical condition is not greatly changed since he came here. He will not live years, he may not live many months, but to say that his death is but a question of a few months, as has been said, conveys the idea that he is nearer his end than he probably is. He makes a good patient. He is much quieter and happier than when he first came, and seems quite contented to be here. He looks back sometimes on his stage life, and recalls the coming on of his disease with much feeling. His case is, of course, hopeless, and I never held out to his friends the slightest hope of his recovery."

Mr. McCullough is very regular in his habits at Bloomingdale, but follows no cast-iron routine in disposing of his time. The patients are expected to rise at a certain hour and take their meals at fixed times. These rules are not rigid, however, and are relaxed when necessary. So far as his physical powers will allow, Mr. McCullough endeavors to follow them, rising and taking his meals at the same time as the other patients. He passes his time otherwise as he chooses.

Furthering a Dirty Scheme.

Jackson Clarion.

A correspondent of the Vicksburg Post gives an account of a political meeting held by the colored voters of Rankin county, to "express a choice of the candidates before the people." All that we want to know about any meeting, to correctly "size it up," is that Wilson Hicks presided over it, and that it endorsed the delectable "Harry" Kernaghan, the defunct postmaster of Brandon, for the office of sheriff of Rankin county.

We trust that our friends in Rankin will not suffer such a dirty scheme to defeat that estimable gentleman and sound Democrat, H. M. Parker, the regularly nominated Democratic candidate, for the office for which Kernaghan has been endorsed by the Wilson Hicks crowd.

Archbishop Walsh Favors the Restoration of the Irish Parliament.

DUBLIN, Sept. 5.—Archbishop Walsh, replying to an address of municipal authorities, said he had deep and settled convictions that the only remedy for the grievances which Ireland long labored, with partial success to remove, was the restoration of rights which she had been deprived a century ago by means as shameful as any that records of national infamy could disclose. He rejoiced with them that the flag which fell from the hands of the dying O'Connell had again been boldly uplifted, and he prayed it would never be refurled.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

The Marquis of Hartington Sounds the Key Note of the Liberals.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The British political event of the week has been the speech of the Marquis of Hartington. Having been secretary of war, one of Mr. Gladstone's most trusted ministers, the address is generally accepted as foreshadowing the campaign issues which will be advocated by the Liberal party. The speech was so moderate and so utterly disclaimed the more revolutionary projects of the Radicals that it has angered the Tories. It would appear, from their denunciation of its "lack of policy," as if Lord Hartington had clearly taken the ground from under the Conservatives. Everybody is anxiously awaiting some political utterance from Mr. Gladstone. It is thought he may have inspired Lord Hartington—that the latter's speech was put out as a "feeler"—and that it will soon be backed up by a powerful address by the "grand old man." This would leave the situation thus: "The Tories, under lead of Lord Randolph Churchill, indicating a sort of wild Parnellism; the Radicals, led by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, urging extreme home rule; the real Conservatives and Whigs, not far apart, and a large body of Liberals and Tories in a state of doubt, but with prejudices hostile to the Parnellites." Now Mr. Gladstone is far more influential with the followers of Mr. Chamberlain than the Marquis of Salisbury is with the followers of Lord Randolph Churchill. As the ex-premier is supposed to desire the return of his party to power with votes enough to make it indecent in parliament, it is easy to surmise that his management will be in the direction of combining the Whigs and Conservatives against the Irish party, calculating upon securing Radicals enough for any purpose he may desire in the house of commons. This scheme, if successful, would give the Liberals a sufficient majority in the next House to throw the Parnellites from their present possession of the balance of power; without that possession, the Irish party would go to pieces. Then Mr. Gladstone, having Parnell shorn, could solve the Irish question by concessions which would placate the people of Ireland, and leave Mr. Parnell without an issue. The question of independence would disappear when the Irish had all they wanted except that which would cease to be any essential reason to be desirable.

Mr. Jesse Callings, radical member for Ipswich, speaking at Saltburn, Yorkshire, to-day, denounced Lord Hartington's address. He described the ex-secretary's programme as "empty," and said it had already done much to destroy Liberal unity. It would appear, however, that the distinction of this unity is essential to Mr. Gladstone's purpose, as if, as supposed, that purpose is to draw conservatives and whigs together against the Parnellites and Churchillites, for the old conservatives will not support a party closely wedded to the Radicals, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the great English leader of the Radicals, is booked for a political address to the electors of Wokingham, Lancaster county, next Tuesday. He is now expected to reply to Lord Hartington's disavowal of Mr. Chamberlain's extreme policy, but the more Radicals are deprecating this idea and are urging Mr. Chamberlain to refrain from openly splitting from the Whigs. They advise him to be as moderate as possible just now, and to endeavor to bring Lord Hartington around to his views on the questions of land, law, reform, taxation, and church disestablishment. In the meantime the popular anxiety to hear from Mr. Gladstone increases daily. Lord Randolph Churchill's speech at Sheffield was a direct reply to Mr. Parnell's challenge to English parties to declare themselves on the Irish issue, and indicates that he was willing to make further concessions to the Home Rulers. Lord Randolph's health is at present far from good and under medical advice, he is about to take a months holiday. Mr. Parnell's advice to his followers to discountenance aggrarian outrages, is perceptibly bearing fruit. At the meeting of the Cork branch of the National League it was unanimously resolved to adhere to the conference programme of disavowing outrages and supporting only such candidates for the parliament as would pledge themselves to act as a unit on the Parnellite programme. The principal speakers denounced the outrages.

To Play Postoffice. For a postoffice—any good-sized cardboard box will do for this purpose. The lid should be fastened to it, so that when it is stood up it will open up like a cupboard door; it must be closed by means of a button and a loop of elastic. In the top of the box, as it stands up, and in the upper end of the door, a slit must be cut out about an inch wide and from five to six inches long, so as to allow of the posting of small parcels, but yet not large enough to admit of a child's hand, while on the door of the postoffice should be written the times of the post. Most children are fond of writing letters to one another, and this will, of course, give rise to a great manufacture of note paper, envelopes and postal cards, and they will call forth all their ingenuity in designing and coloring monograms and crests for their note paper and envelopes. An envelope must be taken carefully to pieces to form a flat pattern; then those cut from it have to be folded, gummed together, and a touch of gum put on the tip of the flap; a monogram to correspond with the note paper must be drawn on it, and finally, they must be done up in neat packets, say a half-dozen in each. It is wonderful what occupation this postbox will afford where there is a large party of children; of course, a postman must be chosen, and a bag must be made for the letters, and so on.

My Sweetheart.

(St. Nicholas.)

I'm in love with a fair little maiden— With her eyes, with her lips, with her hands, With her dozens of dear little dimples; And although she's petite On her sweet little feet, 'Tis a wonder to me how she stands.

And she loves me, this dear little maiden; And her hands, and her eyes, and her lips, And her dimples, all giving me welcome— In a sweet, artless way Have they said, every day, As to meet me she lovingly trips.

Will she wed me, this sweet little maiden! Bless you, no! That she will never do. But, when I have told you the reason, I haven't a fear 'Twill appear to you queer; For I'm thirty—while she's only two!

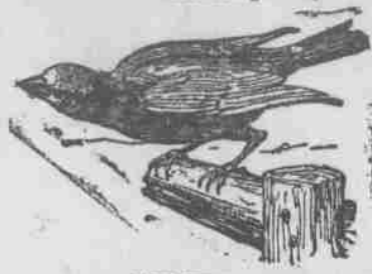
A Proverb Among Proverbs.

Here is curious puzzle: Take a word from each of the proverbs below, one after another. If you hit on the right word, at the end you will have a sentence which forms another proverb, a very common one. We will help you by telling you that the beginning word is "never."

1. The highway is never about.
2. If you look not at a costly thing you may not be tempted to buy.
3. Two of a trade seldom agree.
4. In remembering the gift, remember also the giver.
5. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.
6. When the wine is in the wit is out.
7. The longest lane must have a turning.

BOYS & GIRLS

The Cow Bird. Curious friendships sometimes exist between animals of very different species. One of the oddest of these is the friendly companionship between the cow and a little bird of the American starling family.



COW BIRTING.

At least, the little bird is great friends with the cow, and the cow does not seem to mind it. Perhaps she knows of what use it is to her. This little creature is found in both the Americas, North and South, wherever there are herds of cattle. When our western plains were covered with droves of buffalo, early settlers observed that these were followed by swarms of little, dark, mud-colored birds. The colonists named them buffalo birds. But the bison herds disappeared before civilization. Their places were taken by vast herds of cattle that belonged to ranchmen. After that the flocks of birds changed their quarters and gave their company to the ranchmen's animals. Then they were called cowbirds.

The bright-eyed, pert little creature is of inestimable value to the cow. It skips all over her and perches saucily upon her horns, her head or her back. If you watch you will see it pecking industriously into her body near the backbone. There is an insect called the warble which burrows into the poor cow's flesh, through the hide, and causes her great torture. Wherever you find a lump under the cow's skin, there one of these painful warbles is imbedded. They are also called "warbles." Well, the cow bird pecks into the lump with its sharp little bill, digs out the insect and eats it. It also devours the gadflies and other pests that torment cattle in hot weather.



COWS AND BIRDS.

The birds hop around upon the grass in swarms, within an inch or two of the cow's nose, while she is in pasture, and hardly take the trouble to get out of her way. In wild regions where the birds have not been scared away and killed by cruel boys who are called civilized, the little creatures are so tame that they may be taken in the hand while they sit around the cow's nose.

One curious fact I have not yet told you. The cow bird never builds a nest of its own. It is a lazy creature, not at all a good housekeeper. Cow birds do not mate together, male and female, and raise their family like other feathered creatures. The female simply watches around till she catches some other bird off its nest. Then she slips slyly in and lays her own egg in the other bird's nest. Strange to say, the rightful owner does not find out the trick. She never knows but the cowbird's egg is her own. She sits upon the eggs, her own and the stranger's. But the cowbird's egg hatches first. Then the oddest thing happens. The other silly bird begins to think her own eggs are bad, and are not going to hatch at all. So she ceases paying any attention to them at all, but sets in and becomes a most devoted mother to the young cowbird, that isn't any kin to her. It is tough on her own young ones, but the little cowbird wouldn't get any bringing up at all if it wasn't for this stepmother.

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PREPARING DESSICATED COCONUT.

The Operation in Detail—Cracking the Nuts—Grinding the Pulp.

(New York Mail and Express.)

"No, sir, we don't make cocoanuts," said a member of a firm whose sign read, "Cocoanut Manufacturing company," in response to an inquiry of a reporter. "What we do is to prepare the cocoanuts for confectioners, bakers and families, to be used for pies and pastry. The nuts are brought here by the vessel load, some ships bringing as many as 400,000 in a cargo. They are put up in bags of one hundred each. The average weight of the green nut is one and one-half pounds. The best are those thickest in meat and richest in natural oil and sugar. They come from San Blas, Cow Island, San Andreas, Runtans, Jamaica, and Baracoa. They grow on the islands of the Caribbean sea and the trees are so planted that the roots are constantly washed with salt water. The nuts are not picked from the tree but fall to the ground when ripe because of the decay of the stems. When the husk is taken off they are ready for shipping. The perishable nature of the green nut has made desiccated cocoanut more desirable in the market, and this is the article we manufacture and sell."

"What is the operation?" "The cocoanuts are placed in a large hopper, from which they fall to a just covered table on a lower floor. In front of this table several men are placed, who crack the shell of the nut with a hatchet as it falls on the table. Then the shell is pried off, leaving the meat whole. From 6 to 11 o'clock six men at this work open 13,000 nuts. A peeling machine then takes off the brown skin of the nuts, after which the meats are broken into pieces, the milk drawn off, and the pieces put into tubs of clean, cold water. The meat is then inspected as to its quality, and next it is put into a grinding mill turning 400 revolutions a minute. The pulp thus made is mixed with granulated sugar and put in long pans of galvanized iron, which are put up in the desiccators and the water extracted at a high temperature. An interesting fact about the work is that the entire process must be completed by 3 o'clock in the afternoon, because of the delicate nature of the fruit. The number of people employed in this department is forty-six. The desiccated nut is white as snow, and perfectly dry, when it has been through the process, and it is then allowed to cool, and is left in a dry temperature for ten days before it is finally put up for the market. At 8 o'clock each day the work is all done."

"What about the idea that cocoanut is indigestible?"

"It is supposed by many persons to be so. But the best growths show by analysis about 48 per cent of digestible oil, 5 per cent of sugar, about 46 per cent of water, and only 1 per cent of ash. This being the case, there is scarcely anything people eat more digestible and nutritious."

The Model's Frock Coat.

(Exchange.)

Speaking of the Garfield monument in Golden Gate park, a paper of San Francisco wonders why it is that sculptors in general select for their models frock coats of the most rural pattern, slovenly in the collar, baggy in the sleeves, loose at the shoulders, dragging across the back, and wrinkled in the skirts, as if the owner had traveled to his historic pedestal by stage or used his outer garment as a pillow. The president's coat fits him none too well, and the hand-me-down style of his dress is an undeniable petition to be placed above the reach of vulgar curiosity. A statesman's status should be like the original, raised above the dead level of ordinary humanity, for familiarity breeds contempt, and the average mind refuses admission and awe to a man whose coat looks as if it had been bought after a fire.

A Question Concerning Sleep.

(The Current.)

It is generally believed that a negro requires little sleep. In a state of freedom the negro takes less sleep than the white man. Perhaps, in olden times, the master held to this theory because it was a convenient idea, and perhaps heretofore has made the theory a fact. Colored thinkers should investigate the matter, and determine whether or not it would be wise to advocate longer hours in bed for the young and the succeeding generations of their race. In fact, it would do all mankind no harm to learn more about sleep than is known. The loss of nightly rest is seriously affecting American nerves.

Facts Concerning Jurisdiction.

(Chicago Herald.)

The islands in rivers between states usually belong to one state or the other, and are thus included in the state's jurisdiction. If not, they are under the laws of the United States. Rivers within the limits of any state are within the jurisdiction of the state, and crimes committed on them are punished by the state. The phrase, "high seas," includes the entire open sea, the highway of all nations.

Pulling for the Shore.

(Chicago Herald.)

A Portland man put a large spider on a floating chip in a pond. After walking all about the sides of the chip the spider began to cast a web for the shore. He threw it as far as possible in the air and with the wind. It caught on some blades of grass. Then turning himself about, the spider began to haul the chip toward the shore.

A Pyramid of Skulls.

The Arabs make a pyramid of the skulls of Hicks' unfortunate command, which perished in the Sudan before Gordon went there. Of this expedition 10,000 soldiers including 2,000 cavalry, perished, and 1,000,000 rounds of Remington ammunition, seven Krupp, six Nordenfeldt and twenty-nine mountain guns were captured.

Beauty Among Working Girls.

(Exchange.)

The correspondent of a western paper claims that in a thousand New York working girls there are to be observed as many beautiful faces of the Lady Clara Vere de Vere type as in the same number of young ladies attending the fashionable Fifth avenue churches.

Eight Hundred Thousand Deaf Mutes.

There are in the world 807 institutions for the education of deaf mutes. Germany has 80 of these. France 67, Great Britain 48, and the United States 88. Recent careful estimates place the number of these unfortunates at 800,000.

Sixty Tumblers per Day.

An eminent English physician on oath the other day said that he had known men who took their sixty tumblers of punch per day and seemed no whit the worse for the indulgence.

Whitehall Times: Men clothed with vanity are kick-proof.

The Afghans eat onions as we do ap-